



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

QUERIES ABOUT THE BEECH PLUM.

Some years ago we published some of our observations upon Beech Plums, and also asked some questions that were never answered. On the coast of Massachusetts bay and also on some parts of the coast of York County, in this State, and how much farther east, we do not know, is found a species of Plum tree, called Beech Plum. They sometimes grow where the tides in their highest courses will reach their roots. We have not been conversant with them for many years that we have lived in the interior, away from the sea-coast. But in our boyhood, it used to be good sport to "go a plumming," and gather a supply from the low shrubby trees on the sea shore.

We do not recollect that we ever found them troubled with curculio, nor infested with the black knot. We would inquire of some of our shore friends, if that is the case, how or whether they have become like to their country cousins, the plum trees of the interior, victims of both of the above named pests to the plum orchard? If they have, there is no more to be said. If they have not, is or is not the sea water the cause of their being preserved from the attacks of both troubles?

We solicit an investigation of this subject, by those who live in locations where this species of plum grows.

We have no doubt that sea water may in many cases be advantageously used for agricultural purposes. We recollect an account of the application of it to the roots of the Plum trees, in the garden of the late Mr. Pond, in Cambridge, Mass. During a tremendous storm, the ground where Mr. P's plum trees grew which were not far from tide waters, were inundated with the salt water that arose with uncommon high tides at the time. He looked upon his trees as virtually destroyed, or at least, greatly damaged, but to his great surprise, during the ensuing season they bore unusually abundant. He attributed the great crop to the drenching they had with sea water, which, instead of injuring them seemed to stimulate them as to growth, and to destroy any insects that might have been lurking or burrowing in the soil at their roots, either in a perfect, or chrysalis form.

We note this occurrence for the purpose of calling attention to the facts, and of inducing any who are situated in a place where they can easily experiment with the water, if they feel disposed, and report the results.

QUERIES AND REPLIES.

WANTED.

Information, through the Farmer, where a Sod Plow can be had that will plow upon loamy and sandy loamy intervals, or alluvial soil, from 8 to 12 in. deep, leaving a clean furrow for the team to walk in; covering up grass, weeds, &c., by turning the soil of its working furrow flatly or horizontally into the bottom of the preceding furrow, instead of setting them up edgewise, leaving them in a smooth and even condition for the harrow or roller; of easy draft, according to the width and depth of its furrow; doing its work itself by being guided in a workmanlike manner; not subjecting the holder to "kicking over" the furrow when plowing upon level land; nor liable to choke up when plowing with grassy land, where it is so desirable to have well turned furrows; last, though not least, made of good and durable materials in the most approved style.

We have tried plows of several different patterns and sizes, but they failed in the height of standard and height and length of furrow board very much, being capable of working from 6 to 9 in. only, and at the last depth are very liable to choking-up on even mown grass and land. Also, where some of the "Horse-man" water can be had. The kind wished for, are those in which the head forms all on one side of the straw instead of branching out from all sides.

Any one who can and will give information on the above inquiries will aid in accelerating the interests of Agriculture, and oblige your co-laborer. Elm Tree Farm, March, 1859.

Such a plow, we presume, as our correspondent inquires for, was used by Rev. Mr. Dillingham, of Sidney, who took the first premium for superior plowing at the late State Fair in this city. It is called the "Hurlbert's Convex Plow," and can be purchased of John Means in this city, and no doubt at other Agricultural warehouses, at prices ranging, according to size, from \$6 to \$16 each—to be worked with three oxen or two oxen and two horses. The Michigan plow also will bury twelfth grass first rate. The pattern of the Berkwick plow introduced by J. E. Lang of Vassalboro', will turn a deep and wide furrow completely.

In regard to the "Horse-man" spoken of, we must turn our correspondent over to some one who has them for sale.—Ed.

A WEEK HOE.

DEAR SIR:—Will you, through the columns of the Maine Farmer, give me a cut and instructions to make a "Wheel hoe," such as is spoken of in your issue of Feb. 17th, where the writer says it can be made for one dollar? We have no such implement here, and it would be a great boon, to obtain it. Yours respectfully,

W. B. THORP.

Granville, N. S., March 21st, 1859.

The hoe alluded to, was mentioned in Mr. Chamberlain's report to the Board of Agriculture upon improved farming implements. We have no engraving, but the construction of it is very simple and cheap. It consists of a pair of light, small wheels, to the axle of which the tongue or handle is attached. The blade or hoe, is affixed to the handle, and is made to work the earth to a greater or less depth, as may be desired, by raising or lowering the end of the handle. It saves the farmer a great deal of the unpleasant labor of

weeding in a stooping position, and enables him to raise double the root crop with it that he can without it. It may be purchased at the Agricultural warehouse. Price \$1.—Ed.

MR. PERCIVAL'S PIG.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to Mr. Wood in Farmer of March 24, I will state the manner in which I fed my pig. I procured him when four weeks old, of Mr. C. Chadwick, of South China, paying three dollars for him. I don't know what breed it was, but Mr. Chadwick has the same breed now. I commenced by giving him new milk five times a day for two weeks; then new milk twice a day for two weeks longer, the other part of the day skim milk; then I began to feed him on sour milk, with occasionally a little dry corn (which did not exceed a peck for the summer), with other stuff that was made about the house in a small family. He was fed in this manner till he was five months old; then fed on damaged flour, about one quart mixed with milk and water, to a meal, four times a day for six weeks. I then commenced feeding on corn meal, giving him about three pints to a meal, four times a day, salted up with milk and water, for three weeks. From this time till killed, I gave him two quarts to a meal four times a day. When killed, he was eight months and three days old, and weighed 340 lbs. The whole expense of keeping, (with the exception of the milk from one cow) was \$16.00. Paid for pig, 3.00. Sold one half for \$19.00. The other half standing me \$4.00. ZENAS PERCIVAL, Jr.

South China, March 27th, 1859.

KEEPING FARM ACCOUNTS.

DEAR SIR:—Will you please send me the "Price Essay" on the best system of Farm accounts, given at the State Fair, held at Bangor for the year 1857, and oblige. I will remit the price on receipt of publication. I wish to adopt a method for keeping my farm accounts. What is the best, and what is a farm journal? Truly Yours,

G. H. GARDNER.

East Benton, Feb. 28th, 1859.

TWO ESSAYS ON FARM ACCOUNTS.

There are two Essays on Farm Accounts published in the Transactions of the Maine State Society for 1857, both very good ones: one by F. W. Pitcher of Bangor, the other by J. M. Carpenter of Pittsford. The Prize was awarded to Mr. Pitcher. If we can procure the volume we will forward as requested.—Ed.

A MATE WANTED.

MR. EDITOR:—Franklin Rollins, Esq., of Carmel, has a steer which he would like a mate. The steer is four years old this spring. Girth 7 feet 6 inches, 5 to 10 inches high, and 8 feet 5 inches in length on the back. If you know of one that will match him, please inform. The steer is in good growing condition, and bids fair to make a tall ox, if he holds on growing a few years longer. Yours truly,

G. F. SANDORF.

North Dismont, March 23d, 1859.

BEE-HIVE QUERIES.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish to enquire through the Farmer, what is the best kind of bee hive? I intend to purchase some bees, and have never seen (and I do not think there is in this part of the town) any other kind than the box hive, in which the bees are destroyed to get the honey. I want a small and cheap one, one that a common carpenter could make. I have seen a simple hive about four feet square, with a ceiling overhead, in which the honey could be taken out in the winter. If a description could be given (so that a carpenter could make one), in your paper, you will oblige a subscriber. H. H. March, 1859.

POPPIES AND SQUASH BUGS.

G. W. DURANT, in a recent number of the "Country Gentleman," recommends a remedy or preventive of the striped bug, which is such a trouble to squashes, melons and cucumbers, to take a quantity of poppy leaves, stalks, buds, &c., or any part of the poppy, and steep in water, either hot or cold; and if the poppies are not to be used, take a small quantity of opium and dissolve it in water.

The liquid applied with an exceedingly fine

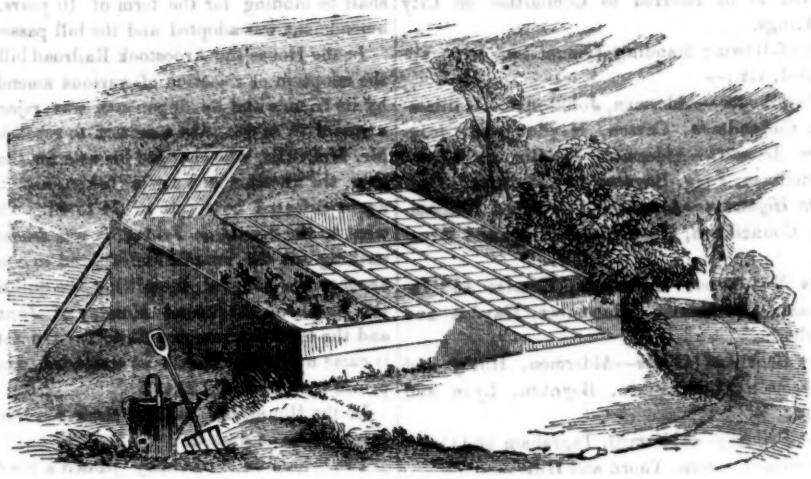
sprinkler to the vines, once, or perhaps twice, will cause the "varmints" to leave the plant, never to return.

POULTRY.

PREPARATIONS FOR SPRING. It would be well to make some preparations for the accommodation of poultry. Many kinds will soon begin to lay—early-fresh eggs will certainly bring the highest price. A close observer says: "Beginners in keeping poultry are prone to suppose that the most of setting hen should be made as hot as possible. This is wrong. A hen, if left to herself, seeks a cool, sheltered place, but on the ground where it is rather damp and moist than dry. But damp in houses where poultry are kept in the house, as at the present season, the floor should be of gravel, or some substitute, such as the rubbish from an old building, broken bricks, and old mortar.

This floor should be spread with fresh straw every morning. That can easily be raked off, and with it all the manure made by the fowls. This tends to keep them healthy by keeping them clean. A flat box that will hold a good quantity of ashes, into which has been thrown a handful of sulphur, should be provided for the fowls whether they are kept in the house or not. This will enable them to keep themselves free from lice. Cleanliness is the greatest necessity with fowls; they may be fed over well, but if not afforded facilities for keeping themselves clean, they will not thrive.

Regular and moderate feeding is considered better than leaving them all the food they can eat, constantly within their reach. "Give them what they will run after, at regular times." Is a maxim of the best poultry breeders, and to this we add: Recollect that six fowls will keep, will afford more satisfaction and better returns, than two dozen shifting for themselves, without room and without care.—Michigan Farmer.



A Hot-Bed.

HOT BEDS.

We copy from the "American Home Garden," an excellent work just published by Harper & Brothers, the following method of making a Hot Bed for the starting of garden vegetables in the month of the natural season.

"Take fresh stable manure that is ready to heat or already heated, and spread a thin layer of it upon the ground, of the size and form of the bed you wish to make, calculating this always one foot longer and wider than the frame you intend to set up on it. On this spread other layers, mixing the long and short manure together, and shaking it perfectly out of all large lumps or bunches in the process. Keep it equally packed and level by beating it over regularly, but not heavily, with back of your four-pronged fork at about every third layer, filling up any soft spots or hollows you find.

Keep the edges and the corners firm, and when it attains the desired height, shovel up the loose fine manure around, and spread it evenly over the top. Set on your garden-frame with care, and fill in with rich earth, not throwing it in heavily or in heaps, but spreading it in lightly and evenly to the depth of four or five inches. Rake the surface, now your seed in drills about four inches apart, and put on the sashes. Some defer sowing until the bed heats, but we may be safely sown at once; and when the heat rises give plenty of air, not by sliding your sashes down, but by raising them at the back, having a longish triangular block or piece of plank to tilt them up on, so that you can open them with it two inches or five.

In sowing your hot bed, let tomatoes, peppers, and other tender plants be sown together, and under the same sashes, and cabbages, lettuce, &c., under others, so that they can receive more or less airing, as they may require; or set a thin board, as a temporary partition between them under the row-bark of the frame. Shade the bed until the plants are well up, and water regularly, but not heavily, towards evening, with water that has been warmed in the sun or by the fire—say to the temperature of fresh drawn milk—and cover the sashes at night with shutters and straw matting, or other sufficient covering.

Give air abundantly, but never suddenly, throughout the time your plants remain in the bed, uncovering them entirely during the day and in mild nights for a week or ten days before they are set out. If you put your plants, or transfer them to a second hot bed, the treatment should be the same. The proper time for making hot beds can be calculated any where by making it from six to eight weeks before the plants are needed to set out.

COTSWOLD SHEEP FOR MAINE.

MR. EDITOR:—Having attended your State Fair last fall with a view of seeing your stock in general, and your sheep in particular, and thereby learning the wants of your farming community, I propose writing you several brief articles upon the most worthy of publication your readers may come to correct conclusions as to their value for growing wool and mutton, when compared with fine sheep.

I commenced my farming operations in 1835, by purchasing a flock of fine sheep, and therefore know from experience something of the loss, but nothing of the gain of growing fine wool exclusively. At the present prices of land, fine wool cannot be grown here, without actual loss; but in connection with raising market lambs the business of keeping sheep is quite remunerative; especially the coarse or mutton sheep.

The high blood Merino sheep, although hardy and tough, are from the rank taste of their flesh, rendered in a measure, unfit for food—but when bred to the Cotswold bucks, this rank taste and smell entirely disappears in the progeny, and the result of such cross is a thrifty growing lamb—often exceeding in weight and thrift either of the parents. Now in this way good market lambs may be raised without interfering much with the growing of fine wool. It will however be necessary to reduce somewhat the number of the flock and give the rest better care and feed of the whole flock.

But, say your Maine farmers, the very low price of sheep in Brighton and other markets, deters us from paying the high prices asked for the Cotswolds. So thought I when I sold my fine woolled sheep for seventy-five cents to a dollar each and paid ten dollars per head for Cotswold; but I have so far recovered from that feeling, and I have since paid fifteen dollars a head for lambs, and twenty-five for full grown sheep, and at these prices I have realized a greater income than on any other kind of stock; my sales and premiums having amounted for some years to more than ten dollars per head on my flock of fifty sheep.

Now it is a fact that beef, in Boston is as high as it is in New York; while the first quality of sheep in lots of sixteen and seventeen were quoted at \$12 and 12 dollars per head last week in New York, and \$7 in Cambridge market; and why this discrepancy? Simply because the quantity of mutton sheep sent to New York market is vastly superior to those sent to Cambridge and Boston. It is but a few years since the farmers of this State, and of the adjoining county of Dutchess, N. Y., were selling their fine wool lambs for a dollar per head in New York market, and the wool from

their sheep at thirty-five to forty-five cts. per lb. But they were not long in discovering that it was not a paying business, and set themselves to the work of improving the quality of their sheep.—Many thousands of fine sheep were sent to market at a price not exceeding the value of their hide and tallow. Many more thousands were slaughtered for their skins and tallow, and the meat, after being tried, fed to the swine.

Farmers have within the last few years, greatly diminished the number of their sheep without diminishing the value of their flocks. This has been done by disposing of one half of the number, and adding one half to the weight of the remaining portion of the flock.

A friend of mine, some five years since, bought ten Cotswold wethers, and paid ten dollars a head for the ten; he kept them until they came to maturity, and then sold them and sold them in Boston market for twenty-five to thirty dollars per head. Within that time Cotswold wethers have repeatedly been sold in New York market for twenty-five, and sometimes even as high as fifty dollars a head. So long as farmers will persist in producing a miserable article of mutton, they must expect to sell it at a low price. Two years since, my fat wethers sold in Hartford market for nine cents a pound live weight, and last Christmas I sold for seven cents a pound.

I know of no better business a farmer can pursue than to stock his farm with mutton sheep.—The fleeces of, coarse sheep will bring as much as the fleeces of fine sheep, and the carcass twice as much. The lambs, if they have good care and keeping, may be made to weigh from a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five pounds each, and at Christmas, will sell for seven cents a pound live weight, thus making the income from a sheep less than eight dollars; and from that to ten. I have known Cotswold lambs sold at eight cents a pound live weight, and at eight months old weigh a hundred and twenty-five pounds, which would make their market value ten dollars, at least three times as much as the average value of your fine wool sheep, and that too for a lamb eight months old.

Our physicians tell us, (and who does not know it) that the flesh of the sheep, is lighter food, easier of digestion, less stimulating, and consequently more healthy than that of any of our domestic animals. Could your farmers be induced to diminish the number of their sheep one half, and double the value of the other half, they would soon see their account in it. The average dressed weight of our sheep in this country is but fifty pounds, while that of Great Britain is one hundred pounds. No nation on earth, according to the number of their inhabitants eats as much and as good mutton as England, and few if any nation can boast of more hardy and robust men and women. The quantity of mutton now consumed in New York is more than twice as great as it was ten years ago, and so it would be in Boston, if they could get as good an article as is used in the former place.

But the work of improvement has already begun in your State. Mr. T. H. Greenwood, of Farmington Falls, has embarked in this improvement with a zeal that will, in the end, result in success, and he will reap a rich reward for his outlay in this enterprise.

T. L. HART.

Cornwall, Ct., March 21st, 1859.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Any time after the middle of April, we may look for gardening weather, and by the last we may safely calculate to be busy. Everything should be in readiness, tools, seeds, &c., to take advantage of the first opportunity.

All ground intended for early crops should be ploughed or dug as soon as possible after the soil gets dry enough, manure incorporated, where required, and the harrow, clod-crusher, rake, or any other instrument that will do the work of pulverizing and loosening and making the soil fine, for the reception of the seeds, should be brought to bear on it. Commence to sow the hardest kinds first, and sow peas, onions, salsify, parsnip, &c., as early as the ground can possibly be got in workable condition. Then follow the next hardest, and the next until you finish off, with the tropical Lima bean, and Gumbo. Some of the best varieties of vegetables we have found for early and late, or main crops, are

Beets—Extra Early Red, and Turnip Blooded. Peas—Landreth's Extra Early, Prince Albert, and Champion of England.

Onions—Yellow Strasbourg, from sets, Red Wetherfield, and Silverskin, from seed. Parsnips—Hollow Crowned or Sugar.

Carrots—Early Horn. Long Orange.

Cabbages—Early York, French Oxheart, Drum-head, and Bergen.

Lettuces—Curled India or Ice, Silesia, and Imperial Cabbage.

Radish—Long Scarlet, Red and Yellow Turnip.

Snap Beans—Early Yellow 6 weeks, China Dwarf, and Brown Valentine.

Turnips—White and Purple topped Strap-leaved Dutch.

The first named varieties are all intended for an early sowing, and to come into use first. The last named varieties for later, larger, or main crops.

The farmer's garden should contain a select assortment of fruits, of such varieties as flourish best in each region, and in sufficient quantities to supply abundantly the wants of the family, and some to spare, occasionally, for a friend or visitor.

LUCK WITH AN ORCHARD.

For the Maine Farmer.

MR. HOLMES: I notice in the Farmer of the 10th inst., a communication headed "Bad luck with an orchard." I presume the trouble with Mr. Coffin's trees, is owing to the effects of winter. His trees are affected in the same way that pear trees often are. This will seem more probable from the fact, that his trees did well the first year he set them, in every instance. I would advise him to set no Baldwins. Let him try some harder kinds; Red Astracra, Benoni, Gravenstein, Fameuse, Yellow Bellflower, or let him procure some Natives, with good shaped limbs. There he can obtain from almost any nursery tree, in which the buds or scions have failed to take. Set them out and let them grow one year, and then graft them, by cutting off the limbs, near the trunk, and splicing on the scions. There is no more successful way of getting an orchard. The Northern Spy is a very hardy variety, and grows in a very handsome shape to graft in the way I have recommended.

His trees are probably, only killed at the top. If the bottoms are sound, and the roots strong, cut them off low down, when the wood looks perfectly bright all through, and set in scions of any of the hardy kinds I have mentioned. If the roots of those trees, are sound and healthy, he will get his trees up, in good shape, sooner, than by setting new trees. When they have grown up to be six or eight feet high, he can change them to whatever varieties he wishes, by the method mentioned, of splice-grafting the limbs.

Let me here say a word about splice-grafting. I think there is no other way equal to it. Many persons think the stock and scion should be about the same size. This is not at all necessary. Stocks half to three-fourths inch in diameter, can be grafted just as well. Shape the scion with a sloping cut, inch or inch and a half long. Cut off the stock on one side, about the same length as the bark on the scion. In making this spot on the stock, be careful and shave off the bark, so you can just see the wood. If you do not cut quite through the bark, the scions will take perfectly well. Bind the scion on the stock, and cover the end of the stock and the scion, with grafting wax. If the bandages are allowed to remain, they will injure the stock by girdling it. I find the easiest and best way is, after the scions have grown out 3 or 4 inches, to cut through the ligature on the side of the stock, opposite the scion. The adhesion of the wax and bandages will prevent the scion from being blown off by the wind.

I grafted a pear tree, about six feet high in this way, with the Seckel, the spring of 1856; putting in over thirty scions, not one of which failed.—Last year (1858) it bore 150 pears.

To return to the inquiry of Mr. Coffin—I do not deem it advisable to put manure under or among the roots of trees. In making this spot on the stock, be careful and shave off the bark, so you can just see the wood. If you do not cut quite through the bark, the scions will take perfectly well. Bind the scion on the stock, and cover the end of the stock and the scion, with grafting wax. If the bandages are allowed to remain, they will injure the stock by girdling it. I find the easiest and best way is, after the scions have grown out 3 or 4 inches, to cut through the ligature on the side of the stock, opposite the scion. The adhesion of the wax and bandages will prevent the scion from being blown off by the wind.

At a recent night should be.

Our earth has not grown aged, With all her countless years; She works, and never wears.

It is glad, not to be old, To glow with life and gladness, To glow with life and gladness, To glow with life and gladness.

The glow of air, broad land and wave, In season re-appears; And shall, when slumber in the grave These human smiles and tears.

O, rich in song and color, Then joy-reviving Spring! Some hopes are child with winter Whose term thou canst not bring: Some voices answer not thy call When sky and woodland ring. Some faces come not back at all With primrose-blossoming.

The distant flying swallow, The upward yearning need, Find nature's promise faithful: Attain their humble meed. Great Parent! thou hast also formed These hearts which throb and bleed! With love, truth, hope, their life has war'd, And what is best, decreed.

—Day and Night Songs.

BUTTER AGAINST MILK.

Since a large portion of our farmers within fifty miles of the capital are selling milk instead of making butter, through the season, it may be worth the while of some to measure and weigh quite accurately, to determine which yields them the most profit, and of course whether they can afford to sell milk as they have done.

Good butter is now bringing high prices in Boston market. A farmer who is known to make good butter can have no difficulty in regard to sales—as farmers would not be suspected of watering their milk, they can convert it into a solid where not much water can find place.

How many of our farmers are there who know accurately how much butter half a dozen cans of milk would make? And how many have tried their cows separately to determine which gives the richest milk? Cows which give very poor milk should not be kept for the dairy.—We have seen some cows in the same yard that would give milk more than twice as rich as others in the same herd.

It is important, surely, to select and keep no very poor cows on the farm. Yet multitudes prefer to guess at the qualities of their own cattle, and then guess again that the most accurate trials which have been made by others, were made to affect the sales of the stock, or for some such worthy purpose.—Mass. Ploughman.

For the Maine Farmer.

RE-SETTING GLASS.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps some of your numerous readers who may be unfortunate enough to get their glass broken out, by accident or otherwise, would be glad to get any information which will facilitate the tedious operation of digging out the old glass and putting in new in most cases has become hard and firmly attached to the wood and often times causing injury to the sash, in removing.

Get an iron made, one inch wide and one half inch thick and as long as the glass in the window is wide, with a hole punched in the middle for an iron handle, long enough to handle it by (or any other device which will answer the same purpose) then heat the iron and lay the edge on the old putty long enough to soften it, when it can be removed with a chisel or knife without injury to the sash, and in much less time than any other way which I know of. Any one can try the experiment with any piece of heated iron, which can be brought to bear upon the putty, as it is the heat upon the iron which softens it, and causes it to cleave from the wood. An iron of the above description can be had from the "smith" for a trifle and will save time and much perplexity, as a subscriber knows.

EXPERIMENT.

the spring are not in good condition; and their efforts to be delivered of their young reduce them so much that we see the effects of a want of cleaning for many days after parturition.

Within a few days a friend has assured us that fine salt placed around the kidneys, and in contact with the remains of the cleaning, will very soon give complete relief. He winds up a little in a cloth and contrives to make the cloth so salt as to be sure to reach the kidneys.

He tells us of numerous cases within his own knowledge where cows have been relieved in a very short time. This simple remedy is worth particular attention, since any man of ingenuity may apply it without sending to a distance for a farrier.

Farmers are now paying a little more attention to their neat stock since beef and other meats rule so high in the markets—and more cattle will be raised while wool is not the all important article on a table of fresh meats. The killing of nine-tenths of our calves at the age of six weeks is not the shortest cut to obtain good farm stock, and while farmers in Massachusetts continue this practice they are obliged to look to a distance to replenish their herds.

They go to Brighton—that is, to Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine; and buy half bloods and quarter bloods for full bloods; and after having run down all blood stock to the lowest ebb—after saying "it is naught, it is naught," "the purchaser goes his way and hometh." Did not Solomon know what he was saying?

But admitting that it may not be so profitable here as where lands are cheap to rear our own cattle, still we contend that when farmers devote a little and conclude to rear their own, they ought at least to select males of a little better grade than those which are found running at large. But no; "let them take their chance." We guess that our old stock is about as good as any.

Thus it takes a long while to introduce even the half bloods in a farming district. Some of the wise ones will guess others out of their wits, and affect to disbelieve all the accounts which they have had of the superiority of others to their native scrubs. It may prove as difficult to root out our mean cattle which never pay for keeping, as to clear the Southern States of laborers which cannot earn their keeping.—Ploughman.

SPRING IS COME.

Ye cox the timid verdure Along the hills of Spring, Blue skies and gentle breezes, And soft clouds wandering! The choir of birds on budding spray, Lead leads in their sing; A fresher pulse, a wider day, Give joy to every thing.

The gay transcendent morning Loses glittering on the sea, The noonday sprinkles shadows Alike the daisied lea; The round sun sinking radiant rim In vapor hideth her; The dawning hours are cool and dim, At vernal night should be.

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For the Maine Farmer.

RE-SETTING GLASS.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps some of your numerous readers who may be unfortunate enough to get their glass broken out, by accident or otherwise, would be glad to get any information which will facilitate the tedious operation of digging out the old glass and putting in new in most cases has become hard and firmly attached to the wood and often times causing injury to the sash, in removing.

Get an iron made, one inch wide and one half inch thick and as long as the glass in the window is wide, with a hole punched in the middle for an iron handle, long enough to handle it by (or any other device which will answer the same purpose) then heat the iron and lay the edge on the old putty long enough to soften it, when it can be removed with a chisel or knife without injury to the sash, and in much less time than any other way which I know of. Any one can try the experiment with any piece of heated iron, which can be brought to bear upon the putty, as it is the heat upon the iron which softens it, and causes it to cleave from the wood. An iron of the above description can be had from the "smith" for a trifle and will save time and much perplexity, as a subscriber knows.

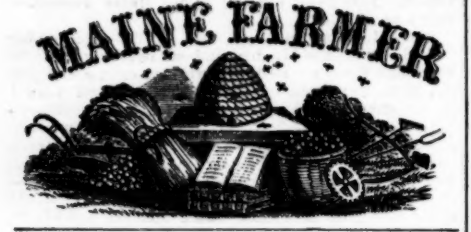
EXPERIMENT.

THE INDIAN CORN CROP.

So much has been published in the agricultural papers in past years, in respect to the history, culture and value of the Indian corn, that it would almost seem that nothing new could be written, or that any thing further need be

dition to a favorable season the soil should be kept to its growth, and it should be rich, either naturally, or made so by manure; it should also be well and evenly plowed—the depth of the plowing should be graduated somewhat by the depth of the surface soil, and the quality of the subsoil. After plowing, it is important to have the soil thoroughly pulverized and brought to a fine tilth by the use of the roller, harrow and cultivator. This greatly facilitates the extension of the roots of the plants in every direction through the soil, and saves much time in planting and after culture. It makes a material difference in the cost of growing an acre of corn, whether it takes one or four to hoe it each time. We have more than once seen a greater difference in hoeing an acre of corn, than above named.

The varieties of corn are very great; some producing good sized ears and small cobs, and others a much larger growth of "stalks and butts," without anything like corresponding sized ears. Most farmers plant corn for its grain, not for its fodder; the larger the growth of the stalks, &c., the greater the exhaustion of the soil. Therefore in selecting a variety of corn for farm culture, it would seem to be an object for grower that variety that would give the greatest amount of forage. As a general rule, those varieties mature earliest that yield the least amount of fodder. Some seasons it is a matter of much consequence that the farmer plant early variety of corn; therefore we think it is the safest way to plant those varieties (having reference as far as possible, to production) which sooner come to maturity.—Country Gentleman.



THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1899.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.—NO. 9.

It would take the whole of a busy month to explore and fully examine all the interesting localities of Philadelphia, and we had but a part of a day to spare.

Perhaps no city in the Union has so many places that have become associated with our history and, by the reminiscences of the past which they awaken, render it one which every American should visit. We had time, however, to see but very little of it, and were therefore reluctantly compelled to postpone to some other time the pleasure which a more leisurely examination of its gardens, its water-works, its public institutions and its manufactures would give.

In company with the Hon. B. V. French, whom we met at the Girard House, and whose kind and social attentions were exceedingly pleasant, as well as serviceable to us, we called forth to take a peep at its markets and the Agricultural warehouses and seed-stores, these being indicative of the productive power of the adjoining country, and an exponent of the wants of the people, and how those wants were supplied.

First and foremost however, we visited Independence Hall—followed by the deliberations of the Continental Congress in the dark days of '76, and celebrated as the birth-place, if we may so speak, of the declaration of Independence which has become a household word throughout the Union.—Indeed, the old hall is a sort of Mecca, where thousands and thousands of Americans go with filial respect, and grateful hearts to do homage to the memory of the good old martyrs of the Revolution.

They have all been called to the "spirit land," but their portraits adorn the room on every side, and, though silent, they speak to the mind's eye, and the mind's ear a language, to which the emotion of every patriot in the land responds by its emotions of love and gratitude for the labors and sacrifices which they performed, the fruits of which we are the favored recipients.

The markets in this city, and of those in other cities south of this, are very different either as to fixtures or mode of arrangements and methods of doing business, from those in Boston and other New England cities. The buildings themselves, are mere sheds or continuous booths, and there are almost as many women vendors as there are of men.

The markets here excel in vegetables and poultry. The variety and excellence of these two commodities were very striking. They show some very good beef, but in butter, cheese, pork, mutton, and the like, they were inferior to any in New England. Perhaps we ought to except the butter in the Philadelphia market, for we saw much that was very excellent; but in some of the other markets which we visited further south, this article, both as to its appearance, and the form in which it was exhibited for sale was ridiculous.

The Agricultural ware-houses and the seed stores, which we visited, were well filled and apparently were doing a good business. Some of the most extensive and reliable seed establishments in America, may be found in Philadelphia. Some of them either grow the great bulk of the seeds, which they offer for sale, or have them grown for them, by men, in whom they have the greatest confidence. Hence the seeds which they send out, generally give great satisfaction to the purchaser. We say this, in justice to those, who have thus made it a business to supply the market with reliable seeds in this section, and not by way of disparagement to others, who, we doubt not, are equally anxious and careful to prevent disappointment to the cultivator, in the truth and vigor of the seed, they furnish him to plant.

There is one thing about Philadelphia and the State, of which it is the commercial emporium, that is a little surprising to us. Although it has long been one of the oldest seats of science and of arts,—was, in days of old, the home of the Bartrams, and of Franklin, and Rittenhouse, and Rush, and Barton, and a host of other great and eminent men, and can boast of having one of the oldest (if not the oldest) State Agricultural Societies, and can point to the labors and writings of Peter and Loreau, and many others who did much for Agriculture, and was also the home of John Hare Powell, who expended so liberally and wrote so zealously to introduce to public notice and favor, the Improved Durham Cattle, they have never yet attained, for any great length of time, an agricultural paper.

The "Farmer's Cabinet" it is true, commenced here and flourished well for some years, and did yeoman's service in the cause, but as other periodicals of the kind multiplied in the adjoining States, it languished and expired. More recently the Pennsylvania Farm Journal, which for a time did fair to flourish and be a strong and useful co-laborer in the good cause has ceased action; and still more recently, the Horticulturalist, which under the care of the Messrs. Smiths, continued its valuable aid to Horticultural Science, has returned again to York State, the place of its nativity, to receive the fostering care and vigorous attention of the enterprising and well known friend of the Farmer and Gardener, Wm. Saxton. It is a mystery to us why an agricultural paper in Pennsylvania, cannot be supported by an unlimited patronage. Elsewhere they show the contrary. Pleasant hours pass the while, and so did our

in Philadelphia. That innumerable old fellow "jockey" Time, who was never known to stop but once, and that was to see a fight in the valley of Gibeon, bid us "be off," and taking a reluctant and hasty farewell of our friends, we stepped on board the evening train for Gotham, where we spent the night at the Astor, and before sunrise were bounding again in double quick time for Boston, that said and notwithstanding its manifold fertility of "notions," stable and substantial capital of all Yankeeedom. Here we were bound to stop a day or two, time or no time.

We had been desirous of making a visit to the home of Wm. Brewster, Esq., Publisher and one of the Editors of the Boston Cultivator, who, though not an old man, nevertheless, has long been enrolled in that ancient and honorable band of Agricultural veterans, who, for the last quarter of a century, have fought, and bled some too, in the warfare waged in behalf of home industry in particular, and progress in general. Although his time is necessarily taken up principally with the business details of his publishing office, he has also devoted himself to the practical demonstration, in visible and tangible form, of many of the theories and abstract ideas disseminated by the types of his press. The better to carry this out, he sometimes sold his house in the city, and, as a householder would say, "took to the high timber," or, more poetically speaking, made him a "cypress retreat" in the suburbs. Here he has collected around him a little "zoological garden," where you will find a great variety of animals and birds, kept in prime order, and manifesting by the sleekness of their coats, and brilliancy of feather, that they have fallen into the hands of one, who, while he appreciates their beauty, is well aware that abundance of food and security of shelter are prime requisites for developing that beauty, and perfecting their natural capacities for usefulness.

Here we found excellent specimens of the different breeds of poultry—pheasants, California quails—wild and other varieties of geese—ducks of different kinds, and among them a splendid flock of the beautiful Summer duck, sometimes called wood duck, which were obtained in the waters of Maine.

In his stable we found some excellent horses, and a Jersey cow or two of excellent points. A few deer were quietly sunning themselves in the lee of the stable, and near by what we had long been anxious to examine,—a flock of genuine Angora or Cashmere goats which Mr. Brewster had not long since imported.

This species of goat is very large, and covered with a long and exceedingly fine soft, silky wool, or hair, rivaling the snow itself in whiteness.—This fleece is used for the manufacture of shawls and other fabrics of the kind which are imported at such high cost from the east. The question which had arisen in the minds of those interested in such things, is, Can these animals be successfully and profitably reared among us? The experiment of Mr. B. will test that question; and, from what we could discover, by an examination of the veritable animal itself, and from what we can learn from books, and by what we have been told by travelers, we can see no reason in the world why they cannot be raised all over the United States as easily, and as successfully as sheep. Thousands and thousands of acres on the rough hillsides of Maine, and other New England States would furnish the very pasture that they like, and in winter they would remain at the barn as quietly and prosperously as any of our other domestic animals. We hope to see the experiment fully and successfully carried out. Their flesh is valuable for food, and their fleece very valuable to the manufacturer, and we give Mr. Brewster praise and credit for his enterprise in thus becoming the pioneer in this endeavor to introduce another source of comfort and profit to the New England farmer.

If the examination of the stock which we here found delighted us, we were no less pleased with the location and arrangement of the buildings and fixtures of the place. Leaving the "noise and confusion" of Washington and Tremont street, by a few moments ride in the cars, you find yourself at the Forest Hill station in West Roxbury, where you alight, and by a short walk, enter a grove, or you may call it a complete forest of pines. Here, on a gentle eminence, thickly bordered on every side, you come to a well proportioned and admirably constructed and arranged house, a little farther south, under the slope, are the stables and sheds, and comfortable quarters for the stock, all so thickly sheltered by the trees, which screen off the north winds, while, on the opposite side are the fields and grassy slopes open to the bright sun and cheering breezes of the south. On the right is a pretty little river falling lakely, where the ducks and geese can swim and luxuriate alternately in the water, or in the adjoining sheds.

We like this, for, although at the very threshold of the city, the door is shut, and its bustle and stir, its crowd and its jostle, its business and its follies are completely kept out, and you are left quietly to your own reflections and peaceful communion with nature. Of all the trees of the forest, we love the pine. Unlike those of the deciduous character, its shade is the same, in summer and winter, and, like a true friend, will shelter you equally as faithful during the frowns of winter as in smiles of summer. Its fragrance is healthy, its habits cleanly, and the dense foliage of its branches by its "gentle whisperings," will alike soften and atone to the best feelings of the heart, the rude gusts of the whirlwind or the gentle breeze of spring. Long may friend Brewster with his intelligent and amiable lady, and his interesting children, occupy the lovely spot that he has chosen, and built up by his energy and good taste, enjoying the pets that surround them, until called to a still happier abode above.

Our jottings are ended.

RAILROADS IN MAINE. From the returns of the Railroad corporations of this State, made to the office of Secretary of State, we make up the following statement:

The number of Railroads is 11, as follows: Atlantic & St. Lawrence, 149 miles in length; Kennebec & Portland, 72 1/2 miles; Androscoggin & Kennebec, 55 miles; Androscoggin, 32 miles; Penobscot & Kennebec 55 miles; Somerset & Kennebec, 37 miles; Portland & Portsmouth, 51 miles; Bangor & Oldtown, 12 miles; Machiasport & Lewiston, 14 miles; Calais & Baring, 6 miles; Lewey's Island, 10 1/2 miles.

The Penobscot & Kennebec road is leased by the Androscoggin & Kennebec road, and the number of through passengers on the two roads was 22,380; way passengers, 74,931; revenue from all sources, \$152,805.67. The Portland & Kennebec, and Somerset & Kennebec are also run in connection; through passengers, 18,796; way passengers, 86,426; revenue from all sources, \$176,339.37.

The Atlantic & St. Lawrence being leased to the Grand Trunk Co., pays a dividend of \$70,470; the Portland & Portsmouth, \$90,000; and the Machiasport road, used exclusively for the transportation of lumber, a dividend of 8 per cent. No other road in the State pays any dividend.

Mr. PETER SINGLAI. The friends of temperance will be glad to learn that Mr. Peter Singlai, the distinguished Scottish lecturer, has been engaged by the State Temperance Committee to visit the State the ensuing summer, and lecture in behalf of the cause.

ABUSE OF THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE. Under the franking privilege which members of Congress are entitled, the grossest abuses are practiced, saddling upon the Post office department expenses which its revenues are totally inadequate to meet. This is an evil which can only be cured by the voluntary relinquishment on the part of Congress of this expensive privilege. Past efforts for reform in this direction have not met with the favor which leads us to hope much from the future. The patriotism and virtue of most of our public men, we are sorry to say, seems to be of that cheap kind which is gratified at the least possible sacrifice of their own interests and conveniences, and hence, unless the people take the matter in hand themselves, and in a way to show that they are in earnest, nothing will be done.

It has been estimated that during the first session of the last Congress three million and eighty thousand printed speeches and political pamphlets, in addition to the written correspondence, were mailed and franked by members of the Senate, besides bound volumes and bulky documents, are only estimated by the totals of the cost. In 1857, 86,000 large quarto and 250,000 octavo volumes were sent off in the mails to all portions of the country—many of them to California, at a cost, as has been recently stated of \$65 per ounce. In the House the abuse has been of more than corresponding magnitude. In 1857, there were conveyed from the House folding-room to the post-office, 2532 cart-loads of documents, at an expense for cartage alone of \$1287. The expense of the folding-room for clerk-hire, \$40,000, and for wrapping-paper, envelopes and twine, &c., as much more. The cost of envelopes was \$20,000; and besides this, the members furnished themselves with \$60,000 worth of books and \$40,000 worth of newspapers. Is not this a shameful tax upon the people, and does it not call, trumpet-tongued, for reform.

THE USE OF BURNING FLUID. The Brunswick Telegraph, in allusion to the recent dreadful death of Isaac Carter, Esq., of that town, caused by the explosion of a fluid lamp, used the following strong language—who shall say too strong!—in condemnation of the continued use of the article in the face of the terrible experiences which are daily chronicled in the newspapers. For ourselves, when we use the article, it is always under protest, and with fearful looking forth "judgment to come."

The Telegraph says: "We have had a terrible warning, in the death of one so well known as Mr. Carter, and he who now uses fluid, uses it against the light of experience, and willfully exposes himself or herself to dangers which might be avoided, and causes every acquaintance that visits a dwelling where fluid is used, to expose himself all unwillingly to sufferings almost inconceivable, and to death itself.—We unhesitatingly pronounce the burning of fluid an act of willful insanity. If there can be such a thing, which ought to subject the party retaining fluid lamps to the tender mercies of the straight jacket or the solitary lock-up. Blow yourselves up, ladies and gentlemen, if you will, but pray regard, in some slight degree, the reputation of your friends to be blown up with you. For ourselves we are inclined to grant the largest liberty to individual propensities to suicide, but we protest against being drawn into so foolish an act."

FARMERS' CLUB IN STANFORD. A correspondent of the Portland Advertiser, states that a Farmer's Club was organized in Stanford on the first day of January, 1899, and its weekly meetings have been attended with much success. The following is a list of officers:

Ebenezer Moulton, President; Josiah Moulton, Samuel O. Paine, John Yates, Peter Paine, Granville Baker, Vice Presidents; William Paine, Recording Secretary and Librarian; Theodore M. Bradbury, Corresponding Secretary; Joseph S. Thompson, Treasurer.

The questions which have been discussed, he says, have excited an unusual degree of interest, and have brought out an amount of agricultural talent, before unknown. We hope to live to see these clubs organized in every farming town in the State, and become as indispensable for the instruction and dissemination of correct practical knowledge in agriculture, as our common schools are for the instruction of our children.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS SUSPECTED. We are surprised and grieved to learn by the following, that the honesty of members of Congress has been suspected. The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says:

"The fact is notorious in Washington, that various members of both Houses who came here a few years ago in needy circumstances have suddenly acquired large fortunes, just as it is the subject of remark that not a few maintain extravagant establishments during the sessions, which cannot be supported by any visible means of their own doing. It is constantly asked, 'Where does the money come from?'"

COUNTERFEITING. We published last week an item stating that "a clergyman had been arrested for counterfeiting while preaching a funeral sermon." An exchange thinks that the clergyman must have been very smart and sly to be able to carry on the business of preaching and counterfeiting at one and the same time. It is a sad thing to believe, but the frequently recurring instances of pulpit immorality and hypocrisy, would seem to suggest the idea that with two many clergymen at the present day, preaching and counterfeiting was one and the same thing.

INTEGRITY INSURANCE. There is a bill before the New York Legislature, the object of which is to establish insurance companies to insure the integrity of persons holding places of trust.

Judging from the developments of the past few years, among those holding places of trust, we should think the premium rates in such a company would be inconveniently large.

BOSTON POST OFFICE. Before the Post office can be removed back from Summer to State street, in accordance with the law passed at the close of the last session of Congress, according to the decision of the Postmaster General, the (rental) of the rent of the Summer street building, (\$12,000) increased rent in State street, if any, and other expenses, must be deposited in the Sub-Treasury. This decision will probably try the wheels of the State street party.

THE RECORD OF TERROR. The N. Y. Express thinks that since the beginning of the year, at least three dozen murders have been committed in that city. Within one week—from Wednesday to Wednesday—the papers recorded fifteen murders, or murderous assaults, without taking into the account the bodies of unknown men found in the river.

FIRST FLOWER OF THE SEASON. Mr. E. P. Tobie of Lewiston, on Thursday last, showed me a crocus blossom, which grew in the open air and was in full bloom March 23. It grew on the sunny side of his house, where the ground had not been frozen for the winter. The same plant blossomed last year, April 10th.

Col. Sexton, of the firm of Gale & Sexton, for the last half century editors and publishers of the National Intelligencer at Washington, celebrated on the 28th inst., his golden wedding—having been married fifty years.

Dr. Wm. A. Alcott the well-known author and lecturer on diet and physiology, died at his residence in Newton, Mass., on Wednesday last, aged sixty-one years. He was a strict vegetarian in diet, faithfully illustrating his system by his life. A rare virtue that.

J. T. Whitehead of South Paris has taken out a patent for improvement in stoves.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

MARCH 26, 1899.

Qualifying oath of office was administered to F. W. Dearborn, Councilman from Ward 3. Bond of H. T. Morse, Constable, was read and referred.

Orders relative to adopting rules and orders of last City Council, were read and passed.

Petition of John A. Pettigill and others for union of School Districts Nos. 1, 26 & 30, was read and referred to Committee on Schools and School Districts.

Petition of Thomas Fuller and others to be set off from Districts Nos. 22, 10 & 8, and formed into a District by themselves, was read and referred to Committee on Schools and School Districts.

Petition of John Soles and others to remove Deluge Engine to Sand Hill, was read and referred to Committee on Fire Department.

Order requesting City Clerk to cause doings of City Council to be printed in one or more City papers, was read and passed.

Petition of Wm. H. Chisam was called up and ordered to be referred to Committee on City Buildings.

The following Standing Committees were appointed, viz:—

On Finance—Aldermen, Johnson and Williamson; Councilmen, Carson, Hayden and Craig.

On Accounts—Aldermen, Hamlin and Cony; Councilmen, Fogg, Boynton and Webster.

On Highways—Aldermen, Cony and Williamson; Councilmen, Hasey, Cummings and Boynton.

On New Streets—Aldermen, Hamlin and Ingraham; Councilmen, Macomber, Hayden and Dearborn.

On Bells and Clocks—Aldermen, Hovey and Williamson; Councilmen, Boynton, Lyon and Thorne.

On Printing—Aldermen, Ingraham and Cony; Councilmen, Green, Thorne and Hill.

On City Buildings—Aldermen, Barrows and Hovey; Councilmen, Webster, Fogg and Dearborn.

On Fire Department—Aldermen, Williamson and Hamlin; Councilmen, Hayden, Chisam and Savage.

On Burial Grounds—Aldermen, Ingraham and Hovey; Councilmen, Ward, Husey and Wood.

On Schools—Aldermen, Johnson and Barrows; Councilmen, Percival, Foster and Craig.

On Enrolled Ordinances—Aldermen Williamson and Johnson; Councilmen, Macomber, Webster and Carson.

Reuel Townsend was elected Street Commissioner for the Western District.

Charles E. Hayward was chosen a member of the Superintendent School Committee.

Jeremiah Fisk was elected Superintendent of Burying Grounds.

The following persons were proposed as Police, by the City Marshal, and approved by the Board of Selectmen, viz: E. Getchell, J. H. Fletcher, C. E. Hayward, Gilman Turner, Thomas Wade, W. B. Gaslin, H. T. Morse, H. Norcross, Charles Gowen, E. G. Caswell.

Petition of Asaph R. Nichols and G. W. Jones to be appointed Auctioneers was read and granted.

Petition of Isaac Gage for repair of Capital Street was referred to Committee on Highways.

ACCIDENT UPON THE SOMERSET AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD. On Tuesday as the afternoon passenger train, from Boston, which left this city for Skowhegan at 4 o'clock, was passing the portion of the road near J. D. Lang's in Vassalboro, the road bed gave way beneath the sleepers, and precipitated the engine, tender and baggage car over the embankment, almost completely burying the engine and tender in the earth, making a wreck of the baggage-car, and seriously injuring the Conductor, Mr. Wm. L. Mitchell.

Conveniently the passenger car remained upon the track, and no one was injured, save the Conductor. The engineer and fireman saved themselves by jumping from the engine. The heavy rails of the previous week, together with the melting of the snow had laid the ground upon which the rails were laid with water, and the weight of the train pressing upon the embankment, in this condition, it gave way. A gap was thus made in the road of some thirty or forty feet, which it will require several days to repair. The engine and tender have been raised, and brought back to the city, considerably battered by the accident, but requires very little repair to put them in good working condition again.

Mr. Mitchell, one of the bones of whose arm was broken, besides being bruised in other respects, was conveyed to his home in Skowhegan. We are glad to learn that his injuries were not so severe as at first apprehended, and that he will soon be able to resume his duties upon the road.

A PAPER FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS. The Maine Spectator, a new dollar weekly paper for the young, recently commenced at Rockland, offers an attractive prize of two splendid oil paintings to the largest club of subscribers formed at the regular subscription price, and also a series of prizes to its young readers, for the best compositions, largest clubs, &c. The Spectator is published by Mr. Zepp Voss, who is endeavoring to make a paper which shall meet the wants and promote the education and culture of our youth. The paper looks and reads well, and the enterprise has a just and reasonable claim upon the parents, teachers and youth of our State. The "Stairway," the department of the paper designed to receive communications from its young readers, is meeting with much favor among the boys and girls.

Such a paper has certainly never before been published in Maine that the flash literature which floods us from abroad. Send for a copy and judge for yourself.

WE learn that Mr. Geo. Dix, for many years connected with the publishing house of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., and who has a reputation as an excellent business manager and for an acquaintance with books, has become a member of the extensive publishing firm of Brown, Taggard, Brown & Chase, of Boston. This firm is largely employed in the publication of school books, among which is Eaton's Arithmetic, now being widely and satisfactorily introduced into our schools, medical works, &c. They will in the course of the present season issue several miscellaneous works of merit.

LEGISLATIVE TEMPERANCE MEETING. An interesting meeting of the members of the Legislature was held in the hall of the House of Representatives on Wednesday evening last. It was largely attended. Gov. Morrill presided. Hon. Messrs. Thompson, Cushing, Thomas, H. Marshall and Wm. Merriam were vice-presidents, and Frederick Robin, Esq., was secretary. Hon. Neal Dow, Rev. John Allen, and Messrs. B. D. Peck, E. W. Jackson, Leonard Andrews and Joshua Dunn, addressed the meeting.

TOWN OFFICERS IN PRINCETON. Moderator, Charles Bates; Clerk, Ambrose Bates; Selectmen, Geo. M. B. Sprague, Wm. A. Gould, G. D. K. Elderly; Assessors, G. M. B. Sprague, John Sawtelle, Ambrose Bates; Collector, John Bates; Treasurer, Putnam Rolf; S. S. Committee, Henry A. Sprague.

Hon. Chas. Holden, the former publisher of the Argus, has received the democratic nomination of Mayor of Portland. Allen Haines, Esq., is the democratic nominee for Municipal Judge.

LEGISLATIVE SUMMARY.

In the Senate on Monday, leave to withdraw was granted on petition for a change of the shire towns of Somerset from Norridgewock to Skowhegan.

The bill in relation to drainage was passed to be engrossed.

In the House the bill establishing a State Normal School was referred to the next Legislature also the Brown Island Boom Bill, in which the Senate nonconcurred, insisting on its vote passed the same to be engrossed.

In the Senate on Tuesday, the resolve in favor of Silas P. Somes for services while a patient in the Insane Hospital was passed to be engrossed. Leave to withdraw was granted on petition for incorporation of Franklin and Somerset Agricultural Society.

Bill regulating changes in text books in public schools, indefinitely postponed.

The bill to encourage manufacturers came up on a motion to reconsider and amend the same by allowing towns to exempt manufacturing establishments of cotton or wool for ten years if they assent to such exemption, and that the vote shall be binding for the term of 10 years. The amendment was adopted and the bill passed.

In the House the Aroostook Railroad bill, after the adoption or rejection of various amendments by its friends and its opponents, was rejected by a vote of 71 to 68. On a motion to reconsider by Mr. McCrellis, who changed his vote for that purpose, the question was again taken, and the bill again defeated by a vote of 74 to 65. The bill went to the Senate on Friday; it was amended by striking out the reservation of land to counties; instead was adopted submitting the question to the people on the second Monday of June next, and the bill then adopted 24 to 2. On Saturday it came up in the House as amended, and was passed by a vote of 123 to 5.

In the House, the State Prison resolves were passed to be engrossed.

The Senate on Wednesday passed a resolve for the purchase of 600 copies Virgins Digest of the Maine Reports, for distribution to the several towns. The book embraces the last eighteen volumes of the Reports, and is to be furnished at \$3.25 per copy.

A resolve was finally passed authorizing the Treasurer to employ the share of the Massachusetts claim belonging to Maine, when it shall be received, towards the payment of Massachusetts debts purchased by Maine in 1853.

Resolves providing for a valuation of the State for the next ten years were negative. In the Senate they were amended and passed to be engrossed 12 to 11.

In the Senate on Saturday the resolve in favor of biennial sessions was passed by the constitutional majority, 19 to 7.

Resolves providing for an amendment of the Constitution abolishing the Executive Council, and providing for a State Auditor passed the House, 91 to 33.

On Tuesday morning the two Houses, having finished up the business before them, finally adjourned. We have as yet no report of Monday's and Tuesday morning's proceedings. We understand, however, that previous to adjournment, a vote of a half township of land was voted to the Portland Natural History Society, and that Messrs. McCrellis and Pike of the House, between whom there had lately been a good deal of angry sparring, growing out of their antagonism upon the Aroostook Railroad question, became pleasantly reconciled to each other—the former gentleman making a handsome apology for language made use of by him in the heat of debate, which was magnanimously accepted by the latter.

The reconciliation scene, was said to be very affecting and exceedingly picturesque.

THE COCHITUATE CUT OFF. On Tuesday morning, 29th ult., a portion of the aqueduct which conveys the Cochituate water to Boston, gave way, effectually, for the time being, cutting off the supply of this indispensable article to the inhabitants. The following are the particulars as we find them in the Boston papers:

The Charles River separates the town of Needham from Newton. Upon the Needham side have been constructed a series of locks to the height of about 60 feet and is crowned by a gate house of granite. The river beneath the embankment the water flows through an aqueduct of brick work, and is conducted from the house across the river, by an inverted siphon of iron pipes, over an arched bridge, to the other side, where the brick aqueduct again commences. In the gate house there has probably been a leak for some time, and yesterday morning, at about six o'clock, the high embankment upon the Needham side suddenly gave way, and, together with the gate-house, slid into the stream; the water, rushing from the brick aqueduct with tremendous force, washed away the hill, and carried the earth almost across the river, completely damming it up, and cutting the supply quite off from the mills below, in the village of Newton.

As the torrent, pouring out from the interrupted aqueduct, tore through the embankment, it undermined the masonry of the aqueduct itself, and caused sections of it to fall into the ravine dug by the torrent; thus the hill was rapidly gullied away, and its earth carried into the bed of the river. This fearfully destructive discharge continued for about three hours and has caused a deep chasm in the hill. The river was turned out of its course by the mass of gravel driven into it by the force of the water, and has overflowed its banks, making for itself almost a new channel. The bridge over which the iron siphon passed seems to be uninjured. The Lake and the city is now dependent for its supply upon the water stored in the Brookline reservoir, and in the three reservoirs at East Boston, South Boston, and Beacon Hill. The capacity of the Brookline reservoir is 100,000,000 gallons; of the Beacon Hill reservoir, 2,678,961 gallons; and of the South Boston reservoir, 7,000,000 gallons; and of the East Boston reservoir, 5,911,816 gallons.—The average amount of water consumed in the city said to be about ten million gallons per day. This will give a supply for about seven days. Meanwhile the authorities have warned the people to be prudent in the use of the water, and the energetic efforts are making to repair the breach which it is hoped will be effected in a few days.

STEAMERS ON THE ROUTE. The steamer Eastern Queen, Capt. James Collins, commences her trips between the Kennebec and Boston, on Thursday next. Under her experienced and popular commander, with every quality to ensure safety, convenience and dispatch, she will of course, be well patronized by the travelling and business community. Messrs. Parrott & Bradbury are agents for the boat in this city. See advertisement.

The steamer Scor, Capt. Chas. Beck, resumes her trips between Augusta and Portland, touching at all the intermediate landings on the river. The low rate of fare and freight, and the pleasantness of the route, together with the skill and experience of our old friend Capt. Beck, will ensure for her a large share of public patronage.

THE STATE TAX. The amount of the State Tax for the ensuing year is \$221,100, and is apportioned among the several counties as follows: Androscoggin \$16,000; Aroostook, \$3,600; Cumberland, \$45,000; Franklin, \$5,000; Hancock, \$3,500; Kennebec, \$22,000; Lincoln, \$12,000; Oxford, \$11,000; Penobscot, \$27,000; Piscataquis, \$3,000; Somerset, \$9,100; Sagadahoc \$9,000; Waldo, \$13,000; Washington, \$14,000; York, \$25,300.

PLUMMER THE PRIVATE. In the U. S. Circuit Court, Boston, the motions in arrest of judgment for a new trial, were withdrawn by Plummer's counsel, on the ground that the newly discovered evidence, though somewhat important to the case, was not legally admissible. Plummer's remaining hope now is in the exercise of Executive clemency.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE FARMER'S AND MECHANIC'S PRACTICAL ARCHITECT. This is a very excellent work on the subject of domestic architecture, and rural embellishment by J. Hammond, and published by J. P. Jewett & Co., Boston.

It is a large octavo, containing over two hundred pages, and illustrated with a variety of plans and elevations of houses very neatly engraved and fully explained, together with specifications in detail of material required and cost of construction. This alone would make the book one of great use and value, but this is not all; interspersed with this matter, are a series of chapters on rural economy, as it regards various topics incident to rural embellishments, and what has interested us very much, are some excellent plans of barns, with very appropriate and instructive remarks and directions for their location and building. This is a branch which has been hitherto too much neglected, and we are glad to find the matter so ably handled by Mr. Hammond.

You will find the work for sale by Francis Blake, Nos. 56 and 58 Exchange st., Portland, and we commend him and the book to your patronage.

ERUPTION OF MAUNA LOA. By the last arrival from the Pacific we learn that a magnificent eruption of the volcano of Mauna Loa on the island of Hawaii is in progress, and our Sandwich Island exchanges, are filled with descriptions of its grandeur and beauty. We make the following extracts from a communication in the Honolulu Advertiser.

"On the afternoon of our arrival at the camping ground, a new stream started some few miles below the crater, which had evidently been dammed up by some obstruction, and came rushing down with tremendous noise and fury through the thick jungle which lay in its track, burning the cracking trees, and sending up for a time a thick smoke almost as dense as that from the crater. This stream, from the time it broke away from its embankment, moved along two miles an hour till it reached the vicinity of our camp, when its progress was checked, and it moved not more than a quarter of a mile an hour. But it formed a grand sight. Here was a stream of lava running over the plain twenty to twenty-five feet in height, and an eighth of a mile in width, though its width varied a great deal. It was a mass of red-hot lava, resembling a pile of coals on fire, borne along by the liquid lava stream underneath. As it moved slowly along, large boulders would roll down the sides, breaking into a thousand

GENERAL NEWS.

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION. The New York Herald publishes a letter dated Buenos Ayres, June 27, of the following tenor: "Judge Bowlin, our Commissioner, started on the river for Asuncion on the 24th inst., on board the United States steamer Fulton. He was accompanied by a law of the State of New York, and informed that he was allowed to ascend the river Paraguay. Judge Bowlin answered the officer in command that he came in the name of and duly authorized by the United States of America, for the purpose of concluding a treaty with Paraguay, and to seek, peaceably, indemnity for the past and security for the future." Whilst communications were being exchanged between Commissioners Bowlin and the commander of the Paraguay government arrived, and proposed an adjournment to the neutral city of Corrientes, in the Argentine Republic. They expressed, on the part of their government, the most anxious desire for a fair, just and peaceable arrangement with the government of the United States; and further, that they were authorized to grant to the United States a territory similar to that at present existing between their government and the governments of England, France and Spain; and, furthermore, to leave to the United States all claims such as the United States or any of its agents against the Government of Paraguay. Judge Bowlin replied that, such being the case, he would not make a positive answer, but would meet the plenipotentiaries at the judge city Corrientes within thirty days.

On the 20th inst. Judge Bowlin left for the city of Asuncion, where he was met by Hon. Ben. O. Yancy, resident. Such is the state of the Paraguayan expedition up to the present moment.

AN AMERICAN VESSEL CAPTURED BY INDIANS. The San Francisco papers publish a letter from David E. Welden, late master of the steamer "Huron," giving an account of the capture of his vessel by the Indians of Vancouver's Island, and the temporary captivity of himself and crew among savages. It seems that the "Huron" was from Port Orchard, Washington Territory, Jan. 25, with a cargo of lumber for San Francisco. The next day, during a gale of wind, the vessel sprang a leak, and, as it increased rapidly, her head was turned to land. On the 30th, Vancouver's Island was made, and the brig was run into Nilsen Sound. On the 31st the vessel was worked to within three hundred yards of the beach, where it was intended to lay her for repairs, when a party of three hundred Indians, in canoes, came along, took possession of the vessel, and after robbing the cabin of its contents, cut up the sails and rigging.

The captain and crew escaped to the shore in a boat, but were immediately taken prisoners and held for ten days, when they were allowed to depart under promise of the captain that he would return with a shipload of goods for the Indians. During their captivity their lives were frequently threatened. Capt. Welden and his men arrived at Victoria, B. C., when the Governor offered to send them to recover the ship and her cargo, but as when last seen the captain and crew were declined. Gov. Douglas told Capt. Welden that the brig was a lawful prize; that he had no right to go into any harbor in Vancouver Island, and that it was impossible for his vessel was under a foreign flag.

STEAMBOAT COLLISION AND LOSS OF LIFE. A disaster occurred on the 27th inst. The steamer "Atlas," bound from Pittsburgh to St. Louis, with one hundred and fifty passengers, mostly emigrants to Pike's Peak, collided with the steamer "Delta," bound from Cincinnati to New Orleans, with a cargo of sugar, molasses, and other goods. The "Delta" was lost, and the "Atlas" was damaged. The loss of life was not ascertained.

No lives were lost in the David Gibson. The "Huron" had eighty-six passengers, forty-three of whom were lost. The survivors lost nearly all their clothing and \$15,000 in money. The total loss on boats and their cargoes is about \$300,000, and the insurance \$175,000.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO. The United States ship-of-war "Albatross" arrived at Pensacola on the 25th ult. from the Gulf of Mexico, dated the 12th. She reports leaving the United States frigate "Savannah," two Spanish, four French, and four English men-of-war.

There were rumors of internal fighting, but they were not confirmed. It was impossible to rely upon them. Miramon had met with several defeats, and had not yet arrived with his forces within striking distance of Vera Cruz. He was said to be at Orizaba. The Vera Cruzians were perfectly confident of success.

THE LOSS OF THE JASPER. Havana papers state that the British steamer "Jasper," was on route from Havana to New York, and was wrecked on the Riconador reefs on the night of Feb. 26, and went down so suddenly that nothing was saved from her excepting the crew, who were taken away without delay. The "Jasper" was a large ship, and was carrying a large cargo. The loss was a great one.

THE SICKLES TRIAL. The Washington Star says "that Judge General Howard, and Charles Key, the uncle and brother-in-law of the late Philip Barton Key, if they have not already done so, are about applying to the government here to accord to the District Attorney professional aid in the trial, acceptable to him, on the ground that the now existing certainty that the unusual array of counsel for the defense will render it absolutely necessary that the District Attorney shall be aided, by professional assistance, to husband his physical strength, and may not fail to do entire justice to his case because his strength and endurance are worn out by constantly recurring attention with fresh counsel of ability and skill equal to his own."

A MURDERER CONVICTED. Ariel Martin, a young man about 25 years of age was convicted on July last of the murder of two men in cold blood in Maryland.

He had been considered a taciturn, but harmless person, seldom going out of the neighborhood, and was not known to have any cause of hatred to either of the two men who were killed. He was called at the house of Jennison Wheelock, having a gun in his hand. Learning that he was alone in the meadow, he went and shot him in the back. He followed him to his room, and shot him with his wife. Martin then went to his room, and hid himself. He was taken out of his room, and was found dead. He was taken to the hospital, and died on July 1st.

Miss Helen Dresser, sixteen years old, is lecturing in the Southern cities on Mormonism. She is the daughter of a prominent family, and is a very able and eloquent speaker. She has been very successful in her lectures, and has attracted large audiences.

The sales of cotton in New York, on Thursday, amounted to 17,000 bales, valued at about \$1,000,000. This is said to be the largest business in cotton ever done in one day in that market.

A gentleman in Massachusetts offers, through the Treasurer of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, two \$10 Bibles, one each to be given to the children of the poor, and the other to the children of the rich, who are attending the Sabbath school. The offer is for the year from April 1, 1859, to April 1, 1860, and is subject to memory and faithfully report, or her teacher, superintendent or pastor, the largest portion of the Scriptures.

By an official statement, it appears that \$138,333 have been received of the sum of \$200,000 required to secure the title to Mount Vernon, \$150,000 of which has been paid in little more than three months. \$41,000, with interest thereon, is yet to be provided for, being the fourth instalment, due February 22d, 1862.

Mr. Hunter of New York has matched his famous horse Nicholas to run against the mare T. River, owned by Mr. H. of Virginia, for \$10,000 a side. The race is to take place this Spring on the Fashion Course.

The authorship of the celebrated sermon on "The Harp of a Thousand Strings," "The Spirit of the Man of War," is ascribed to the Rev. Mr. Lewis, a Methodist minister, stationed at La Grange, Tennessee.

Winn's new cigar experiment was tried on Wednesday last, for the purpose of ascertaining the effect of the experiment made with the wheel. One half of the buckets have been removed, and the trial gave evidence that the speed had been materially increased.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE LONDON HERALD says that it has high authority for stating that in case Lord John Russell should succeed in upstating the ministry and be called upon to form another cabinet, appointments to Messrs. Bright, Wilson, Aytoun, Ruskell and Horner. All of these gentlemen having offered their services.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company were still considering the government offer of a conditional guaranty. One of the conditions is the surrender of fifty years mortgage for landing cables at Newfoundland.

The London Times says that the leading Submarine Cable makers are willing to contract for the successful submergence of an Atlantic Cable, taking all risk of loss or damage upon themselves.

The Neapolitan exiles continued to attract sympathy, and liberal subscriptions are being made to raise a fund for their benefit. Most of them were about going to England. One who went to Bristol in advance met with a perfect ovation. The horses were taken from his carriage, and drawn through the streets by the populace, amidst great cheering.

Continental advice had been very warlike. The Monitor's second article had an unfavorable effect on the French mind.

Austrian journals continue to be very bellicose, and there was no abatement in Austria's preparations.

Affairs in Sardinia are unchanged. It is reported a secret treaty between the King of Sardinia and Napoleon. The latter guarantees defensive and offensive aid against Austria, and security for Sardinia in any Lombardy acquisitions on condition of Savoy and Nice being ceded to France.

The troops under arms in Piedmont, amount to 42,000 men, and the new levies and reserve called out, were calculated to bring the total up to 87,000—the orders to join were issued on the 15th.

The Austrians were said to be preparing a military hospital at Pavia, to have 20,000 beds. A Vienna despatch says that large bodies of troops had recently come to that city from the Kingdom of Sardinia, and that the Emperor had ordered the Austrians to be ready to receive them.

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The Muse.

THE BROOK.

BY PAUL H. RAYNE.

But yesterday this brook was bright,
And tranquil as the clear mountain stream;
That wends the path on Orient shore;
But now a haughty, dark stream it pours
Impetuous o'er its bed of rock,
And, almost with a thunder shout,
Rolls into currents fierce and fast,
That dash the white foam round our feet—
A raging whirl of waters, rent
As if with angry discontent.

A tempest in the night swept by,
Born of a mark and fury sky,
And while the solid woodland shook,
It wreaked its fury on the brook.
The evil genius of the blast
Within its quiet bosom passed,
And therefore it is that a Tide
Which used to lovingly to glide
As though through crystal sanctified,
Shows now a whirl of waters, rent
As if with angry discontent.

I knew of late a creature bright
And gentle as the clear moonlight,
The tenderest and the kindest heart
God ever sent a loving part
To sit on earth—across whose life
A sudden passion rose in strife.
With wild, unalloyed force of life
It stirred her nature's inmost deep;
Remorse it rugged bed of rock,
O'er which it lay with thunder shout,
The tide of feeling, force and fast,
Was dashed to foam and spray,
A raging whirl of waters, rent
As if with angry discontent.

The Story Teller.

From the Rural New Yorker.

JOHN EASTMAN'S LUCK.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

"That's just my luck," angrily exclaimed a young mechanic, dashing down a note which informed him that during his absence from his place of business, a gentleman had called to complete a partial contract with him for a heavy job of work, and, not being able to wait, had taken it to another workman.

"It was born to ill luck," he continued, "and there is no use in trying to contend against it." "How long were you absent from your shop, John?" inquired a quiet-looking old man, who was sitting by.

"Not over an hour or so; perhaps two hours."

"Had you not an engagement to meet this gentleman to-day?"

"Why, yes, and started for my shop for the purpose, but I thought I would just drop in to Smith's to see how that western land investment was likely to turn out, and in the excitement I forgot the hour till it was too late—so here is a good two hundred dollar's worth of work gone, all for my wretched luck."

The old man smiled faintly, but went on questioning. "And how is it about your land investment—it is likely to prove as profitable as you anticipated?"

"There is another specimen of the way my cards turn up. It seems the man of whom I bought the land had no legal claim to it, and so my title to it is not worth a cent."

"How much money did you invest there?"

"Three hundred dollars—money that I have been laying by ever since my marriage to help purchase a house and lot—but it is gone now, and I am not likely to get anything beforehand again, very soon. There is nothing, beforesaid at the same time, and now it is worth ten times the money he paid out for it—he always was lucky."

"I believe he employed an agent to examine all the deeds and titles carefully before he purchased, did he not, John?"

"Yes, and paid him an exorbitant price, too; I never would encourage such extortion. Besides, Edwards, who sold me my claim, assured me that he knew it to be perfectly good, and I never could have had the face to question the honesty of an old friend and neighbor."

"It seems he had the face to cheat you out of your money," said the old gentleman, smiling again, but more faintly than before. "Is there no chance to recover anything of him?"

"Not at all. John told me, confidentially, a couple of weeks ago, that he suspected all was not right, and advised me to keep my eye on Edwards, but I thought there was no hurry, and yesterday I learned that he had sailed from New York, no one knows where. So I have to make the best of my luck."

"You use that word luck pretty freely, John; may I ask what you mean by it, and on what ground you charge all your misfortunes to it?"

"Why, you cannot deny, Uncle William, that some men are constitutionally unlucky, while others, with no greater advantages, and seemingly in the very same circumstances, will prosper in every undertaking. I could give you plenty of instances here under our own observation."

"Suppose you give one, that will do very well."

"Well, then I can mention none better than Jones and myself. We began life together as mechanics, with nearly equal advantages in every respect, except that I had a little the better of him, in inheriting that small farm of my father's. We were married at the same time, and our wives were both prudent, careful housekeepers—models in every respect. My family is no larger than his, but look at the contrast now. His business has gone steadily upward, until he has all he can attend to, with the help of several apprentices, while I, who have always been called the best workman, can hardly find employment for one. I am still living in an inconvenient, rented house, while Jones has a snug little home of his own, with garden, fruit, and every comfort of life. His children are healthy, and his wife, looks no older than when he married her, ten years ago; while my poor Mary is thin and careworn, and my doctor's bill is almost as much as my rent. I am sure I have made every possible exertion; I work as hard as Jones, thus far, has been bad enough."

"Now, John Eastman," began the old man slowly, "I want you to listen to me. You talk about luck, and I, an old man who have seen seventy odd years of life, I tell you there is no such thing as luck. The thread of your destiny was never put into the hands of the blind goddess, Fate, to be twisted and tangled at her will. I believe in a Divine Providence that overrules all things, but I believe that every man makes his own track through life, and is responsible for a great measure of its roughness."

"Then you would throw all the blame of a man's misfortunes upon himself. That seems rather hard."

"It is a great thing for a man to learn to distinguish between those things which are the result of his own unwise action, and those that spring from causes beyond his control."

"I admit this, but I am sure I have always tried to act according to my best judgment, and a man can do no more than that."

"If you will not be angry with me, John, I should like to talk with you a little about your best judgment."

"Oh, there is no fear of that, Uncle William—you know I always take your advice kindly, although I cannot quite agree with you in your ways of thinking."

"People that take advice kindly are not sure

to make much use of it; but no matter. When I came in this morning, I found you in a great rage over your bad luck in losing that job of work, which I suppose went to Jones, as his ship was always open. Pray, who was to blame for that but yourself, for neglecting your engagement to meet the agent? And will the evil spirit with the loss of this one job? Those men, as you well know, have occasion for thousands of dollars worth of work in your line every year, and will it not be natural, that in deciding where to look in future, they should distrust a man who failed to meet an appointment in which his own interests were involved? Ah, John, I see more bad luck in store for you there."

"I intended to keep the engagement, but the disappointment about my land put it all out of my mind."

"That land business, again; now look at that and see how much luck had to do with it. Which was the wiser, Jones, who paid a competent man for making sure his claim, or you, who trusted to luck, and the honesty of a speculator, and so lost the whole."

"Well, I may have erred in judgment in some cases; after all, I am a firm believer in the wisdom of the old proverb, which teaches that some men are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and some with wooden ones."

"Very likely, John; very likely, but the accident of birth is nothing, and the wooden spoon, if rightly handled, will carry more meat to the mouth than the silver one. All depends on the management."

The old gentleman took up his cane and went out of the shop, saying pleasantly: "You must learn to carry your spoon more steadily, friend John, or you will never find it of much use, be it silver or wooden."

"Just like Uncle William," said John Eastman to himself as he looked up his shop and turned toward home, "he is always laying the blame of my misfortunes on my own shoulders, and yet one cannot get angry with him. Heigho! this has been an unlucky day to me. I would not care so much about the land if it were not for Mary, she will be dreadfully disappointed that the money is gone."

As he opened the door to enter his home, his wife looked up from her sewing, with a happier expression in her pale face than had been seen in a long time, as she eagerly asked, "Have you seen Mr. Ward since morning, John?"

"No—why do you ask?" replied he, with an involuntary sinking of his feelings as he half guessed the reason.

"He was here just after you went to the shop this morning, and told me to tell you, in case he should not see you, that he had decided to sell the house and lot about which you spoke last summer, and if you wished still to purchase, he would make easy terms for you. You might pay three or four hundred dollars down, and the rest as you were able. I am so glad John that we have at last a chance for a home; that place you know is exactly what we want, and the terms are so reasonable."

"But Mary," began her husband, with the air of a man who does not know what he is saying, "I have about decided not to buy this year, my business—"

"Oh John, do not go to objecting. You have always been going to buy next year ever since we were married. There is nothing new in the way—the money you have in the Bank is just enough for the first payment—"

"Well, Mary, you may as well know first as last that I invested nearly all that money a few months ago in western land. I did not say anything to you about it, for I knew it would worry you, and I had no doubt of being able to replace the money four-fold before we should want it; and so I should not buy for my wretched luck."

"In spite of his efforts, John Eastman looked ashamed, and felt very much as if he had been robbing somebody, and in truth he had robbed his wife and children of a pleasant home, to gratify his propensity to try experiments in making haste to be rich. No wonder he felt this when he looked at his wife, as she sank back in her chair, and gave utterance to a despairing sigh. In the ten years of her married life she had learned some hard lessons, and it was not often now that she looked forward to the future very hopefully, but all this morning her heart had been dwelling on the sunny picture of a home that was to be her own: a home that she might make beautiful for her children, that they might have it for a pleasant memory all their lives, linked with the thought of their mother. This was all lost now, and for a moment it was hard to let it go, but she was one of those women whose characters are best set forth in the few words, "loving and patient," and long before John Eastman finished his dinner and left for his shop, her face was as calm and sweet as ever, and her husband carried his image away from every undertaking. I could give you plenty of instances here under our own observation."

"Suppose you give one, that will do very well."

"Well, then I can mention none better than Jones and myself. We began life together as mechanics, with nearly equal advantages in every respect, except that I had a little the better of him, in inheriting that small farm of my father's. We were married at the same time, and our wives were both prudent, careful housekeepers—models in every respect. My family is no larger than his, but look at the contrast now. His business has gone steadily upward, until he has all he can attend to, with the help of several apprentices, while I, who have always been called the best workman, can hardly find employment for one. I am still living in an inconvenient, rented house, while Jones has a snug little home of his own, with garden, fruit, and every comfort of life. His children are healthy, and his wife, looks no older than when he married her, ten years ago; while my poor Mary is thin and careworn, and my doctor's bill is almost as much as my rent. I am sure I have made every possible exertion; I work as hard as Jones, thus far, has been bad enough."

"Now, John Eastman," began the old man slowly, "I want you to listen to me. You talk about luck, and I, an old man who have seen seventy odd years of life, I tell you there is no such thing as luck. The thread of your destiny was never put into the hands of the blind goddess, Fate, to be twisted and tangled at her will. I believe in a Divine Providence that overrules all things, but I believe that every man makes his own track through life, and is responsible for a great measure of its roughness."

"Then you would throw all the blame of a man's misfortunes upon himself. That seems rather hard."

"It is a great thing for a man to learn to distinguish between those things which are the result of his own unwise action, and those that spring from causes beyond his control."

"I admit this, but I am sure I have always tried to act according to my best judgment, and a man can do no more than that."

"If you will not be angry with me, John, I should like to talk with you a little about your best judgment."

"Oh, there is no fear of that, Uncle William—you know I always take your advice kindly, although I cannot quite agree with you in your ways of thinking."

"People that take advice kindly are not sure

to make much use of it; but no matter. When I came in this morning, I found you in a great rage over your bad luck in losing that job of work, which I suppose went to Jones, as his ship was always open. Pray, who was to blame for that but yourself, for neglecting your engagement to meet the agent? And will the evil spirit with the loss of this one job? Those men, as you well know, have occasion for thousands of dollars worth of work in your line every year, and will it not be natural, that in deciding where to look in future, they should distrust a man who failed to meet an appointment in which his own interests were involved? Ah, John, I see more bad luck in store for you there."

"I intended to keep the engagement, but the disappointment about my land put it all out of my mind."

"That land business, again; now look at that and see how much luck had to do with it. Which was the wiser, Jones, who paid a competent man for making sure his claim, or you, who trusted to luck, and the honesty of a speculator, and so lost the whole."

"Well, I may have erred in judgment in some cases; after all, I am a firm believer in the wisdom of the old proverb, which teaches that some men are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and some with wooden ones."

"Very likely, John; very likely, but the accident of birth is nothing, and the wooden spoon, if rightly handled, will carry more meat to the mouth than the silver one. All depends on the management."

The old gentleman took up his cane and went out of the shop, saying pleasantly: "You must learn to carry your spoon more steadily, friend John, or you will never find it of much use, be it silver or wooden."

"Just like Uncle William," said John Eastman to himself as he looked up his shop and turned toward home, "he is always laying the blame of my misfortunes on my own shoulders, and yet one cannot get angry with him. Heigho! this has been an unlucky day to me. I would not care so much about the land if it were not for Mary, she will be dreadfully disappointed that the money is gone."

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There should some day come a man to the valley whose countenance should resemble that of the great stone face; that he should be the noblest of men, and should introduce a golden age into the valley. The young lad grew up in the full view of that great stone face, which seemed to hold dominion over the dale, and in the constant thought of the expected stranger, who would one day come and make the dale's people so happy. For hours he would gaze at the large stone countenance, filling his whole soul with the sublime beauty and nobility of its features. Thus time passed; he went to school, grew up a young man, became a schoolmaster and clergyman; but he always kept looking at the lofty, pure countenance in the rock, and more and more grew his love of its beauty, and more and more deeply he longed after the man who had been foretold and promised, and whose countenance should resemble this.

All at once a great cry rang through the dale, "He is coming! he is coming!" And every body went out to meet and to welcome the great man, and the young minister among the rest. The great man came in a great carriage, drawn by four horses, surrounded by the shouting and exulting crowd; and every body exclaimed, as they looked at him, "How like he is to the great stone face!"

But the young clergyman saw at the first glance that it was not so, and that he could not be the foretold and promised stranger, and the people also, after he had continued some time in the valley, discovered the same thing.

The young man went quietly on his way as before, doing all the good he could, and waiting for the expected stranger, gazing continually on the large countenance, and fancying that he was living and acting forever in its sight.

Once more the cry went abroad, "He is coming he is coming!" And again the people streamed forth to meet him, and again he came with all the pomp of the former, and again the people cried out, "How like he is to the great stone face!" The youth looked and saw a tall, slender man, with a face that resembled to the large features of the face; but for all that, it was very unlike. And after a while he began to remark that the resemblance became still more and more unlike, nor was it long before every body found out that their great man was not a great man at all, and that he had no similarity to the large stone face. These expectations and these disappointments were repeated yet several times.

At length, although the good clergyman gave up almost entirely his sanguine expectations, he still hoped silently, and continued silently to work in his vocation, but with more and more earnestness, extending yet more and more the sphere of his operations—forever gazing upward to that large stone countenance, and, as it were, impressing yet deeper and deeper its features upon his soul. Thus time went on, and the young man had advanced toward middle life; his hair had begun to turn gray, and his countenance to be pined by the furrows of advancing years, but the great long-expected stranger had not appeared. But he yet hoped on.

In the mean time, the influence of his life and his labors had ennobled the dale's people, and given beauty to the dale itself. Universal peace and universal prosperity prevailed there during a long course of years. And by this time the locks of the clergyman were of a silvery whiteness; his face had become pale and his features rigid; yet his countenance beaming with human love. About this time, the people began to whisper among themselves, "Does not there seem to be a remarkable resemblance between him and the great stone face?"

One evening a stranger came to the clergyman's cottage and was hospitably entertained there. He had come to the dale to see the great stone countenance, of which he had heard, and to see the man also of whom report said that he bore the same features, not merely in the outward face, but in the beauty of the spirit.

In the calmness of evening, in presence of the Eternal, in presence of that large stone countenance of the rock, they conversed of the profound and beautiful mysteries of the spiritual life, and while so doing, they themselves became bright and beautiful before each other.

"May not this be the long-expected, the long-desired one," thought the clergyman, and gazed at the transfigured countenance of his guest. As he thus thought, a deep feeling of peace stole over him. It was that of death.

He bowed his head, closed his eyes; and in those rigid but noble features, in that pure, pale countenance, the stranger recognized with amazement him whom they had sought for—him who bore the features of the great stone face.

Frederick Bremer.

A winter evening was closing in. It was cold and blustering out of doors. The wind came sweeping down the hills, and its rough blast seemed to penetrate to the very bones of those who were hurrying to their homes.

A tired-looking man was passing along the village street. He seemed to be poor, for he was not very warmly clad, and he carried a small bundle on his shoulders. Now and then he appeared to be looking for a house, and he seemed to be asking some favor. No one appeared disposed to grant his request, and he turned from each door with a disappointed look. He continued to walk on with a disheartened step. At length he passed before a large white house which seemed to be the abode of comfort and plenty.

"Oh! if they would only give me just a night's lodging here," said the poor man to himself. "I am almost afraid to try, so many have refused me."

He opened the gate slowly, passed around to the back of the house, and again made his petition.

The judge, who had opened the door, was a kind hearted man. He seemed to know the petitioner.

"Why, Joe, is it you? What brings you out so late at night?"

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